#### READING FOR THE SABBATH.

Sunday-School Lesson for July 29, 1888. THE TABBENACUE-Exod. zl, 1-16 Golden Text-Behold the taberracle of God is with en, and he will dwell with them.-Rev. xxi, 3.

For five or six months the people had been husy collecting and preparing the material necessary for the Tabernacle. The plan was God's, but he graciously allowed his people to provide the abundance of gold and silver, skins and cloth, that were needed, and thus to

show their interest in a divine dwelling-place in their midst. The great design of the various symbols and objects in the Tabernacle was to constantly teach religious lessons. Each altar, sacrifice, and priest was intended to picture ome great spiritual truth; and all of them, in a prophetic way, pointed to the Lord Jesus Christ.

We are immediately impressed with the striking similarity between the old temples and worship of Egypt and the new Tabernacle and its forms. At first thought it seems strange that God should allow this likeness, and that he did not depart more widely from it. But the older worship was an honest, serious effort to reach God. We do not know how far the Egyptians may have copied forms that at the Egyptians may have copied forms that at first came from Jehovah, but they had their or-

der of priests, their holy place and their holy of holies, with its shrine or ark that was borne in procession by the priests. They had their sac-rifices, and incense, and high priest. The shape and form of the Tabernacle was the same as that of the Egyptian temples. Why this simi-larity! Because they were a nation of children, and God used these existing religious forms and led them along familiar ways, not to dumb idols or painted deities, but to the one living and true Jehovah, manifesting Himself in power, intelligence and glory. To have introduced entirely new forms would have been like teaching a new Isnguage. The end justified the means, and is really a striking proof of the divine origin of the old system. the old system. HELPS AND HINTS.

Some Test Questions-1. When was the first day of their first month? 2. How were their months determined? 3. What was the size and shape of the Tabernacle? 4. What the form and contents of the Ark? 5. What the use of the Altar of Incense? 6. What the form and size of the Altar of Burnt Offering? 7. What use was made of the Laver? 8. How was the anointing oil made and used? 9. Why were aron and his sons selected?

Points for Class Talks-1. "The Lord spake unto Moses;" and so he does to each one who will listen to his words. 2. "Thou shalt set up the Tabernacle." God gives the ideas and inspiration, but we must put them together and ild them up. 3. "The ark of testimony." The precious mementoes of the past. 4. "And light the lamps thereof." Sacred forms are useless unless the light is kindled in the heart. 5. "And anoint all that is therein." Each little thing to be consecrated solemply and fully to God. 6. "That He may minister unto me." The main and essential part of church service should be ministering unto God rather than to men. 7. "All that the Lord commanded him, so did he," or perfect obedience. SPECIAL APPLICATION.

1. Every true Christian church is like the rnacle, a way from our sins to the holy lace of communion with God. 2 Every true Christian church magnifies in its services the great ideas of the Tabernacle; The Alter of Sacrafice, the offering of the amb of God. 2 The haven of regeneration.

3. The incense of prayer.
3. By the help of these each man in every Christian church may now enter the hely of helies with the blood of Jesus. 4. The beautiful forms and ceremonies of the church are valuable, as they lead men to the holiest when God speaks to the soul.

Religious Notas. The Hebrews in New Yor's city have doubled in number since 1880.

Philadelphia has 629 shurches, and is no better than any other city of its size. New York has 800,000 Roman Catholics, and the value of their church property is \$30,000,000.

I know no blessing so small which can be reasonably expected without prayer, nor any so creat but may be attained by it.—South. A German bibliographical publication has cat-alogued Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines" under the head of Old Testament liter-

The first thought in the Lord's prayer is not about ourselves, but about Christ's kingdom. If we work for Him He will take care of the com-

The Sabbath is the green casis, the little grassy meadow in the wilderness, where, after the week-days' journey, the pilgrim halts for re-freshment and repose.—Dr. Reade.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by look ing forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.—Charles

On Sunday last Bishop Bowman attained his seventy-first birthday and his semi-centenary in the ministry. On his twenty-first birthday, July 15, 1838, he preached his first sermon at a Carlisle, Pa.

Now that the life of Archbishop Trench is ust published, it appears that, like Thackeray, no desired and requested that no life should be published, but no one, after reading these two volumes, can blame his friends for insisting on

Presbyterianism in New England has steadily nereased during the last five years. Since 1883 the number of churches has increased from eighteen to thirty-one and the membership from 2,875 to 4,588. A church has recently been esablished in Newport, R. I.

Christ built no church, wrote no book, left no square miles anywhere on earth without Christianity where the life of man and the purity of women are respected, and I will give up Christianity.—Professor Drummond.

The Christian Inquirer puts this question: If Congress and the national conventions of the great political parties can properly be opened with prayer to God in the name of Christ, why may not the doctrine concerning God and Christ s properly taught in the public schools?

New Jersey Presbyterians, who are, generally speaking, of an intensely "blue" stripe, are shocked at the declaration of Rev. H. Thomas, of Bridgeton, one of the oldest preachers of their denomination in the State, that "Calvinism needs toning down," and that fire and brimstone preaching must go. His case will probably be sonsidered by the Presnytery.

Mr. Bradlev, who founded Asbury Park, and who has made it one of the most virtuous and law-abiding towns in the country, finds that there are kickers in the borough. The anti-Bradlevites seem to be unhappy because the enterprising founder made money by his experiment. If he had made it in running a "gin mill" he would be one of the most popular men on the Jersey coast, especially if he had combined high-toned cambiing with the liquor business.

There is no such thing as an ignorant faith, for all true belief will rest on knowledge. What is commonly called an ignorant faith is simply superstition, and not faith at all. How shall men believe that of which they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher! The Bible everywhere teaches us that our faith must be intelligent. Then there is much that passes for faith that is presumption. We are told that by faith the Israelites passed through the Red sea, which the Egyptians essaying to de were drownded. The presumption of the Exptians is imitated by us too often. What we need is the faith which sees Him who is in-

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, the novelist, is a deted member of the Church of England. With proceeds of her novel, "The Heir of Redeliffe," she fitted out the missionary schooner, the Southern Cross, for the use of Bishop Sel-wys; and \$10,000 from the profits of "The Daisy Chain," are said to have gone to the building of the missionary college in New Zealand.

No good e'er comes of lelsure purposeless: And heaven ne'er helps the men who will not act.

In the dark we cry like children; and no answer from Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no white But the heavenly belp we pray for comes to faith, and not to sight, And our prayers themselves drive backward all the spirits of the night!

Bible Study.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet," said the ist of old. You want your lamp to burn wash, dry, and polish the glass chimney; you keep the shade clean. Let the dust gather, and the smake make its scoty deposit, and the wick becomes crisp and hard and black, and the light on the open page is flickering and weak. The property friend, but you must take good of it. It will treat you as you treat it.

its surface, there are jewels in its mines, there are royal pearls in its depths. All are not equally equipped for its study; but every one of us can do his utmost in its patient, loving study, and no labors will bring a surer, or a richer re-

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER. How the Widow of the Great Preacher Lives

-Her Income. New York Sun. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has changed little since the death of her husband, though she is now seventy-six years old. At present she is living at the St. George Hotel, in Orange street, in Brooklyn, where she moved after giving up her flat in May, but she is soon to go to her daughter's, Mrs. Scovil's, at Stamford, Conn. After a visit there she is going to Ithaca to make a visit to the family of Henry W. Sage, old friends and former Plymouth Church people.

The Beecher house at Peekskill remains unoccupied, and Mrs. Beecher goes there only occasionally. Several weeks ago she invited the sewing society of the church to go for a day's picnic there, and twenty-two ladies enjoyed her hospitality on that occasion. The house is partly dismantled, many of the household effects having been removed and divided among the children, so that it could not be occupied without addition to its belongings. It is said that Mrs. Beecher greatly desired to spend the summer there, but her sons opposed it. No purchaser has appeared, and as none of the sons of Mr. Beecher feels able to support so large an establishment, the beautiful place is closed and fast showing signs of neglect. Mrs. Beecher makes occasional visits to it to have it aired and swept, but it is for the most part closed and barred against intruders. The fine place of Moses S. Beach, adjoining, shows in sharp contrast with the Beecher house, with its flowers and well-kept lawn. The Beach family live for the most part at their country place, though they own the brown-stone house on Columbia Heights adjoining the former home of the

On Friday last Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland visited the Beecher place in company with Mrs. Beecher, and went on in the afternoon to her country home near Utica. Miss Cleveland had long desired to see the much-talked of place, and she greatly enjoyed the visit. Mrs. Beecher returned to Brooklyn, where she will remain

until next week. A Brooklyn real estate agent has an order from Mrs. Beecher to find for her a suitable house in Brooklyn, in which she will reside next winter. She will not board at a hotel, finding it distasteful, and the experience in a flat was not pleasant. As a matter of fact, neither a flat nor the homes of her gons are large enough for her purposes or her position as the widow of the late pastor of Plymouth Church. She has a great many callers, and is constantly being petitioned to identify herself with charitable and social movements, and her comfort demands that she should be at the head of any house in which she lives. While her children recognize this fact, they oppose her undertaking the care and responsibility of a house, both on account of her age and her in-come. The latter, it is said, is considerably less than fifteen bundred a year from ther husband's estate, and not enough to support an establishment such as she would need to have if she is to entertain as it is expected she would. Mrs. Beecher makes money with her pen, but not nearly so much as formerly, because she is unable to do as much writing and she has so many younger rivals in her special field, that of domestic and household economy.

There is an element in Plymouth Church cireles favorable to a provision for Mrs. Bescher which shall take the form of a memorial offering. Many of her friends among the congregation agree that it would be pleasing to their feelings to do some generous thing for Mrs. Beecher, but the funds of the society are no larger than the demands made upon it, and the future income of the church is not assured. It is but just to the sons of Mrs. Beecher to say that they would Oppose any effort looking to such an end, it being their wish that their mother should make her home with each of them in turn. This plan Mrs. Beecher has resolutely opposed on the grounds which she gives as militating against

her living in a flat or at a hotel. Plymouth would do its utmost to make the closing years of Mrs. Beecher's life happy, and it is not unlikely that by autumn some effort will be made in her behalf, though her svowed hostility to Mr. Abbots, the successor of Mr. Beecher, will embarrass the actions of those who would try to carry out such a project. Mrs. Beecher has a stanch adherent and advocate in the Rev. Mr. Halliday, and it is not for a moment doubted that Mr. Abbott would abet rather than hinder any plan looking to the honoring of Mrs. Beecher by all or any part of the church people.

At present nothing will be done, because the congregation is scattered. Mr. Abbott is in Europe, and Mrs. Beecher will soon be in the country for the summer.

# WHY LETTERS ARE REGISTERED.

They Go Pretty Safely, Though the Government Is Not Responsible for Them.

"'What is the use of registering letters?' is the question most frequently asked of me," said Superintendent J. J. Phillips, of the New York registry department, yesterday. "You see, if a registered letter is lost, the government cannot be held responsible for the loss, and the amount lost cannot be recovered. If you'll look at it a moment you will see that that is perfectly fair. It is not possible for the government or its representatives to know what is the amount of money in a registered letter, and, of course, it is impossible for any one but the sender of the letter to tell how much he or she ought to receive in case of loss. Of

course, the government isn't going to pay a man money merely because the man says he lost it and has no proof of the amount. "The result of this state of things," continued Mr. Phillips, "is that people continually ask me what's the use of registering. The reply is that registration is a safe way to guard valuable packages from loss, because a registered letter may be traced from one registry station to another until it reaches its destination. Postmas-

ters and clerks think twice before stealing a letter when they remember it can be traced to "People who send letters get very nervous if they dou't get news by return mail of the receipt of the letter, and they rush here to find out what's the matter. I usually learn from the senders in cases of delay that they have not put on the envelope the street and house number of the person addressed. In such cases postmasters always hold the letters until called for. This is a common practice here in New York. If a registered letter should come here addressed to 'Chauncey M. Depew, New York city,' the letter would be held at the main office. The reason for this is that very many business men prefer to send their own messengers for reg-

istered letters to the general postoffice rather than have the letters delivered by a postman at their own door—not for fear that the postman would confiscate them, but that their own servants should misplace and lose them. "It should be added that the little flimsy slip of paper which is given as receipt by the clerk when the letter is registered should be preserved, as by means of it the missing letter may be quickly traced. Few persons keep these receipts. They are either lost or thrown away, because they are supposed to be merely a form. A missing letter sent months ago was quickly traced to-day by means of the receipt. It was found to be in the hands of the postmaster at its destination in a distant city, but the recipient had not called for it. He was a business man

and he never went to the postoffice." "What is the loss of registered letters?" "Not taking into account fires on mail cars and robbery of mail cars, the loss is next to nothing, and you can send one cent or \$100,000. or any valuable thing that will go in a letter. It is becoming more popular as prejudice against it

Wise Words of Lincoln.

There is no landing-place on the stairway from labor up to capital. There are no bolted doors along the ascent. It is treason to make out an irrepressible conflict between them. The fact was never put better than by Mr. Lincoln in his first annual message. "There is no such relation," be said, "between capital and labor as assumed, nor is there any such thing as a free man fixed for life in the condition of a hired laborer. Both these assumptions and all inferences from them are groundless. Many independent men everywhere in these States a few years back in their lives were hired laborers. The prudent, penniless beginner in the world labors for wages for awhile, saves a surplus with which to buy tools or land for himself, then labors on his own account for another while, and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This is the just and generous system which opens the way to all, and consequent energy, and progress, and improvement of con-

#### dition to all." Taking the Safe Side.

Mr Isaacstein (at Coney island)-Vas you bound to go in dot vater, Rebecca, mit dot dangerous undertow! Mrs. Isaacstein-Ys, Jacob, vot for I puy myseluf a pathing suit? Mr. Isaacstein (nervously)-Vell, Rebecca, you choost leave dose tiamond rings mit me.

THE "Exposition Universelle de l'art Culinaire, awai fed the highest honors to Angostura Bit-TERS as the most efficacious stimulant to excite Bible brings to ou will depend in the appetite and to keep the digestive organs in good order. Ask for the genuine article, manuthere is gold on beware of imitations.

Written for the Indianapolis Journal. The Soldier's Reason Why. .

Well, Jim, what years have passed away since last we wore the blue. And elbows touched together in the famous grand re-That we are growing old and gray 'tis easy to believe; You've got a crutch to tell the tale and I've an empty

I sat alone the other night beneath the spreading tree; Our battles, camps and marches all came rushing back And as I thought them over, Jim, a small voice seemed to sav: "You proved that you were loyal once; prove it again

The from the same canteen we've drunk in shadow Tho' we have fought together, Jim, your party was But now I've left my party camp to enter it no more, And I am marching with you, Jim, as I have marched

I cannot vote for Cleveland, Jim; he did not wish us When side by side, day after day, smid the battle's We bared our breasts between him and the loyal Na-And now when he my ballot asks I firmly answer:

Too many pension vetoes, Jim, with insults freely He'd even cast dishonor on the empty sleeve I own. Six months at hunger's gate I lay in rebel prison pen; No sympathy came down to me from Grover Cleve-

And when I read the vetoes o'er and all their insults wonder how a soldier can for Grover Cleveland vote; How can he hesitate to choose before the day is done Between this soldier-hater and our own Ben Harrison?

Amid Resaca's battle smoke I saw, and so did you.; A little man who led the way clad in the army blue We followed him with shoutings, Jim, right in among And now that same brave little man leads us again to

He will not veto pension bills. Thank God, he loves With whom he shared the hot campaigns, their dan gers and their joys: His hand is ever raised against the British free-trade foe, And when we strew old comrades graves he'll not

a-fishing go. "Protection to our homes!" old boy, is now my battle And justice to the veterans who went forth to do o Our comrades, Jim, all o'er the land, from valley, hill

Are marching to the music of the Union once again, So this is why your comrade old, who wore an army enat, Into the box for Cleveland, Jim, will never put a I've made my choice, and I am proud to tell you that

Who leads me to the fight again, is brave Ben Harrison. Then, let us stand together Jim, old soldiers, tried and I feel as eager for the fray as when I wore the blue; Let Harrison ring out the charge in stirring bugle

And Cleveland, Jim, be buried in a million soldier CASSTOWN, O. -T. C. Harbaugh. Written for the Sunday Journal. Among the Lily-Pads.

> Like rainbows in the limpid skies
> That ripple in the river, With flashing wings the dragon flies In airy circles quiver, Where, like a cloud of silver light That hints of golden lining,
>
> A mass of lilies, fleecy white,
>
> With yellow hearts are shining.

And all the sandy shallows glass
The water-spiders sailing,
Where weeds and reeds and river grass In tangled threads are trailing.

In deep, translucent pools the shoals Of tiny minnows swimming, Dart down where dewy star-grass bowls On mimic banks are brimming.

And with their lofty canopies, The ardent sunshine screening, Among the swaying willow trees The sycamores are leaning.

Its laden sprays above my boat A wild grape-vine is swinging. And in the reeds with mellow note A hermit thrush is singing.

So what though in the torrid air The tiger-lily flushes, I'll-ride on yonder ripples where They drown the dripping rushes. -Evaleen Stein.

We might have known a soul so white Was God's, was Heaven's, by holy right, And never could be ours; We might have known we could not keep The child whose thoughts were grave and deep And pure as lily flowers.

Too good, too fair, too pure for us; But when keen anguish pierces thus, The bleeding heart will faint; And we must madly wish awhile That she could barter for our smile The palm-branch of the saint. We cannot say we feel it best

That she was taken from our breast, While such hot pulses stir; And thinking of the new-turned sod, We cannot all at once thank God That he has gathered her. We can but look with bitter tears

Backward and forward o'er the years, God's will our life has crossed! We can but let that will be done, We can but pray that she has won Far more than we have lost.

In regions far away.

God may be good to us, and give Such comfort as will let us live In peace from day to day! But joy will only dawn that hour

Wherein we see our lily flower ... All the Year Round.

The Wail of the Non-Partisan. Oh, is there a spot in this glorious land, This blest land of freedom, this land beautiful, Where a fellow can get a good paper in hand That isn't discussing the tariff on wooll -Chicago Mail.

Changed His Tune. "There are no flies on me!" he cried,
In tones of confident warning.
But he pitched his tune on a different key At 5 o'clock in the morning.

-Washington Critic. DOCTORED WATERMELON.

An Infusion of Wine and Brandy Makes the

Fruit Taste Good. Now that the watermelon season is on in its full glory, and the story that a strike had stopped the importation bas turned out untrue, a word may be in season as to how to prepare a melon for eating. There are many ways of eat-

ing the splendid fruit, and the recipes generally given are long and intricate. There is one method so easy that almost anvone can follow it. Get a good melon, and if you can't tell for vourself by that intuition which is the best guide in such matters, then trust to your green goods grocer's judgment. Have the melon put on ice over night, and in the morning see that its surface is wiped dry. Then cut a slit with a long knife straight from one side into the very heart of the melon. Let the slit be an inch and a half wide. Cut three other slits so that you can lift out the plug thus made. Pour into the hole some good claret. Let it spread through the red spongy fruit, and pour some more wine in until you have succeeded in getting in at least a pint of the grape juice. Then plug up the melon and put it back in the refrigerator. After an hour or so you can put in the rest of a quart of claret.

The melon will drink up the wine, and every part of the sponge will become saturated, if from hour to hour the position of the big eggshaped fruit be changed from side to side and from end to end. The wine should be put in from six to eight hours before dinner time. An hour or an hour and a haif before dinner take out the plug and taste the fruit. You will find it surprisingly delicious, and yet perhaps the flavor will be not quite so pronounced as you would like it. In this event pour in from half a pint to a whole pint of brandy. See that the melon is closely plugged and wrapped up, and have it turned at least twice and kept on the ice for the next hour. It will then be ready for

Sometimes it is pleasant to surprise guests with a plugged melon. Say nothing about wine having been put in the fruit, and when it is brought on the table take care that if in the cutting any extra juice comes from the fruit that some of it shall go with each piece of melon. There is an odd little Italian restaurant in a place in this city where its existence would never be suspected, where one night, not long ago, a plugged watermelon was served. No one except one of the diners knew about it. When it was brought on and the party began tasting what appeared to be ordinary watermelon, there was instantly noticed a change in the demeanor of every one. They sniffed in the air and looked at each other, and then sniffed again. There was no suspicion then that the watermelon was of a more than ordinary kind. But after two or three mouthfuls some one remarked the peculiarly rich taste and the exquisite aroms, and then the secret was out. There weren't many people in the party, and the melon was a fairly big one, but it was all eaten.

palate that plugged watermelon makes, it is remarkable that not many people have eaten it, and that you can't get it readily at the hotels and restaurants. Once in a while some chef puts forth watermelon fritters or freezes the fruit, but even if these forms were not costly and difficult to obtain, they would soon tire the appetite. With watermelon soaked in wine it is different. If you like the fruit in its plain state, you will probably like it better with claret and brandy, and if you like to eat lots of it plain you will want still more of it "plugged."

A good wine to use instead of claret is the talian sherry-colored wipe, called Marsala, Perhaps with a dinner where much claret has been drunk the Marsala would go better, as af-fording a contrast in taste. If you get genuine Marsala you will have something good, and you can reflect that the wine comes from that cele-

# THE WAR OVER THE BUSTLE.

Trinacria.

brated spot in Sicily which, now known as Mar-

sais, was originally Lilyboem, the place where the Carthaginians had their chief fortress in

It Is Not to Be Banished Without a Struggle -A Chat About All Sorts of Bustles.

Pittsburg Dispatch. The recent innovation of Mrs. Frances Folsom Cleveland, in which that lady, in spite of all rules of stiquette and in defiance of all established principles, discards a bustle entirely, is meeting with but few followers in this western part of Pennsylvania. At least that is the net result of several interviews last evening with leaders who ought to have known what they were talking about, especially as they were each

attached to one themselves. "The fashion Mrs. Cleveland is trying to inangurate," said a vivacious young lady who was almost buried behind a stack of bustles of every style, color, and decrepitude, "will never be a success, and I hear that even the few darling ladies who attempted to follow her lead have deserted her entirely; and no wonder, for it certainly won't do." "Why can't the ladies go back to the old style

of dress before bustles came into use?" "For the same reason that men won't go back to knee breeches-becase the average form of the man of the present day wouldn't look well in knee breeches." "Then you mean that-" "I simply mean that Mrs. Cleveland is blessed with a plumper form than the average woman.

and she can go without a bustle and look well,

where ninety-nine handsome women would look flat. That's what I mean. "There was a lady in here from the East, vesterday, and she was telling me what a great flutter was created by the quiet circulation by Mrs. C.'s girl friends that the first lady had discarded the bustle. Her admirers really tried to follow her, and for a month there was a great refitting of magnificent dresses, and they were ribbed d steels run in, and still the dresses hung

limp and awkward." "And they gave it up?" "Certainly they gave up, if for no other reason than that a lady hates, above all things, to have the fold of a limp, soft dress fall about her heels. Mrs. Whitney and the Cabinet ladies are still getting their dresses made with a small bustle attached under the folds of the lining. "Now, I will tell you a little feminine secreta lady pays far more attention and worries more about the fit and hang of her dress behind than she does in front. She is also more particular about the snug fit of her waist in the back than she is in front - Above all things, a nicelydressed lady desires to present a good appearance where others will see it if she can't, and this intended onslaught on the bustle will be fought to the bitter end, especially by your thin,

graceful girls." "What sort of bustles are the favorites?" "Small ones, by all means. The large sized Paragons and Acmes have almost entirely dis-appeared. They looked like a bird-cage stretched out, and some of them actually flopped from one side to the other in the ugliest fashion imaginable. This motion, however, was given to them by the wearer, who swung herself purposely. The 'Langtry' is quite a favorite. With it on, a girl can sit deliberately and squarely down just like a man, when the 'Langtry' shuts up like a

jack-knife. "The Potter gossamer is the favorite of all. You can fasten it this way," said the girl, cleverly putting it where it belonged without ever glancing at the mirror. "Now, you see, when I sit down, if I sit on it squarely, it doubles all up like a telescope, and if I sit down with it on either one side or the other, it is so flexible it gives way perfectly, and then recovers its usual shape at once.

"Then there is the 'Frankie Cleveland.' It is made of grass cloth; but I think it's both ugly and uncomfortable. Of course, beauty in bustles doesn't count; but if a young husband were to see one hung over a chair for the first time, he would think he had the nightmare.

"The Empress bustle is very nice for stout people. They only need a small arrangement back there in order to keep their skirts in order, and they would probably be willing to discard it entirely; but the thin girls will never give them up. They have been wearing them seven years now, and all the the steels reeds and ribs, that can put into a dress will never replace them. Be sides being extremely graceful, they in a great measure take the heavy load of skirts off the hips, and I believe them to be really beneficial in that way. You will have to excuse me, please. I see I am wanted at the counter by that thin young lady, and they are the hardest to suit. She is too bashful to try one on while there is a gentleman present, but you will hardly be out of the room before she will have on the biggest

one we have in stock." SHE TALKED WITH HER SISTER A Telephone Which Interfered with the

Duties of a Type-Writer Girl. Pittsburg Dispatch. Early one morning last week I chanced to be in the office of a wholesale merchant down town at a time when the pretty little operator of the type-writer tumbled into a trap of her own

Such a pretty girl, with very blue eyes, bright brown hair and an assortment of dimples, is this deft manipulator of the type-writer keys. The telephone, which bung on the wall just behind the girl, whose desk was close to her e ployer's, in his private office, rang loudly as I took a seat. I seized the opportunity to con-

gratulate the merchant on his choice of so fair a "Yes," said he in an undertone, "she is pretty and she is as well-behaved and quick at her work as she is pretty. The only thing I can complain of in her conduct is the hold that telephone seems to have upon her. She is engaged, I believe, to a nice-enough fellow, a clerk in a broker's office, but he will persist in calling her up on the telephone. He called her up so often on Monday last that I told her she must tell the young man to wait until after business hours.

She blushed and said she would tell him. "Since then-that was three days ago-apparently he has not been near the telephone, but strange to say Mary's-that's the girl's namesister has taken to holding long conversations with her at all hours of the day. The noise disturbs me, but I don't like to interfere with the girl's domestie affairs. Just listen to her now!" We did listen, and we heard something like the following:

"Charlie didn't come to see me." An interval of silence. "You know be called to see Kate." Interval.

"What's that?" --- "Oh, nonsense; of course I shall go with you. Will you call for mel What did you say! Oh, Bob's going, too. Interval. "You can if you like; but I just hate that girl,

and if she's there I won't stay. Did you say ( o'clock? Make it half past 6." Interval. "I wish I could: it seems an awful long time

to wait. Oh, you musn't talk like that. Isn't there anyone there!" Interval, during which the girl with the receiver at her ear laughs and blushes by turns. and finally says, titteringly: "Not one-I won't give you one, you bad boy. She bung up the receiver without another word and sat down blushing furiously.
"How is your sister this morning?" said the merchant, with an accent on the "sister."

# Titles Which Deceive You.

But Mary answered never a word.

New York Graphic. The tuberose is no rose, but a species of oly-Pompey's Pillar had no historical connection with Pompey in any way.

Cleopatra's Needle was not erected by the Egyptian Queen nor in her honor. Whalebone is not bone, and is said not to possess a single property of bone.

Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey and are not baths, only heated chambers. German silver was not in vented in Germany and does not contain a particle of silver.

Black lead is not lead at all, but a compound of carbon and a small quantity of iron. Brazilian grass never grew in Brazil, and is not grass; it is nothing but strips of palm leaf. Burgundy pitch is not pitch, and does not come from Burgundy; the greater part of it is rosin and palm oil. Sealing wax does not contain a particle of wax. but is composed of Venice turpentine, shellac

A Chance for a Whiff.

and cinnabar.

New York Sun. Old Lady (stopping open street car)-Ye don't allow no smokin' on this car, do vel Conductor-Certainly, madam; take one of the Notwitstanding the splendid offering to the | back seats. Step lively, please.

NATURAL GAS. Interesting Facts About this New Source Comfort and Wealth.

New York Sun.

Where in the United States are the chief sources of supply for natural gas! This is a question that countiess people have been try-ing to snawer, and it is said that the people of every State in the Union except the New England States and the four most southerly Atlantic seabord States, have quite lost their equisupply is right under the crust of real estate which they themselves happen to occupy. East of the Appalachian range of mountains, measuring the Green mountains of Vermont as their most northern extension, or spor, the natives have not bored for natural gas except, perhaps, furtively, and in the dark. smilar want of enterprise has manifested itself in North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, the people of those States possibly thinking themselves too near the earthquake conter to take any chances at penetrating the crust of this imperfectly baked globe. But everywhere else between the Hudson river and the Pacific coast the drills have been working incessantly, lighted at night, it is to be presumed, not infrequently, by the electric light.

Such a spectacle would be somewhat ludicrous were it not that the electric illuminant in the present status of scientific knowledge is obliged to confess that dull gas is one of the elementary forces to which it owes its own being. But the search has generally been futile. Except in Kansas gas has been found in paying quantities only in that portion of the Mississippi valley which lies east of the great river and along the borders of the mysterious geological formation known as the drift. The main sources of supply are found in the western part of the State of Pennsylvania, extending northward into southwestern New York, and southward into West Virginia; in northwestern Ohio and the contignous eastern part of central Indiana, and in one part of Michigan.

The considerable supply found in Kansas is o far west of the main source that it suggests escaping gas caused by some fissure or fault in the drift fermations. Yet the search goes forward, though possibly with relaxing interest. It is felt that the cavernous West and South may furnish still other natural distribution over half the continent.

Natural gas been long known. The village of Fredonia, in this State, near the lower end of Lake Erie, has been lighted by it nearly, if not quite, fifty years, and the father of his country s found to have been the first speculator in natural gas. He came in possession a very long time ago of what were then known as the burning springs, in the Kanawha Valley, Virginia. These so-called springs were only the result of a natural-gas freak, though to the people of those

furnished a mysterious phenomenon. The idea of Washington, however, in obtaining possession of the property was not a speculation in light or fuel, but speculation in sait, as more properly became the savior of his country. in China, too, a country to which we must always go when we think ourselves exclusively entitled to the credit of some new discouery, the people have known all about natural gas many undred years. It is even reported that a great catastrophe once happened in China as a consequence of the reckless use of this illuminant, the catastrophe having been nothing less than the explosion of an immense subterranean gasometer which underran a country large enough for several kingdoms. The precise numper of people who perished at the time is not recorded, but, considering the population of the country, it must have been large. So natural gas, it will be seen, has played a very tragic part in the world's history, if an inanimate sub-

stance can be said to play tragedy. This Chinese story lacks but one element to give it a horrible interest, and that is the element of possibility. No air can go where gas holds possession; and you could not have combustion and a consequent explosion without air. Some information in relation to the natural-gas wells of China has been given recently to the State Department by Mr. Charles Denby, the American minister to that country. Mr. Denby describes a territory about nine miles in diameter, where brine, suitable for the production of salt, is found at a depth of 700 to 1,000 feet below the surface. Below these salt reservoirs again, at a depth of 1,800 or 2,000 feet from the surface, gas is found. It is reached by means of rude iron drills fastened to a rope and operated in bamboo pipes, which are gradually forced into the ground, as the earth is displaced by the action of the sharp iron point. It is bamboo everywhere. After the gas is reached and brought to the surface, it is led off to the evaporating pans by more bamboo pipes, and made to do duty in turning the brine into salt crystals. But, for its bearing on this question of danger to come from the practice of tapping natural-gas reservoirs, here is the chief point of interest in Mr. Denby's report: During the Taiping rebellion, years ago, the rebels held possession of the country where these gas wells are situated, and they took off the cap that held the gas in confinement from one of the wells and set the column aflame. It has been burning ever since, and there is not talent enough among the Chinese engineers to extinguish the fire. But it is to be presumed that even the bamboo piping in the well remains

uninjured, or the orifice must long since have We need not go all the way to China, however, for examples. We have seen oil and gas wells enough aflame in the United States to have blown off the ends of both New York and Pennsylvania had it been possible for the flame to penetrate below the surface. The Chinese incident, however, is not without interest from another point of view. There has been a theory that the gas wells must be soon exhausted; but here is a well that has been running with such force that the flame is inextinguishable during many years, and there is no evidence of decreasing pressure. The number of thousands of millions of cubic feet of gas which

must have been consumed during the time is inconceivable. Official reports on the natural gas product of the United States are not very recent, the latest report, in its main features, coming down only to the close of the year 1886. It covers a period make well driving profitable having been made | their sweat and semi-torture. Even with was found that gas had displaced 6.453,000 tons of coal, estimated in value at \$10,000,000. This was about double the quantity displaced during the first year, 1885; and as the natural-gas com-panies were rapidly extending their mains at the date of the report, it is fair to presume that the quantity displaced has doubled again during the unreported eighteen months which have fol-

At the close of 1886 there were 2,300 miles of gas mains, exclusive of the small pipes, used for conveying the gas into dwellings and factories. It is probable that there are now double this number of miles, or enough to span the conti-nent on its longest parallel of latitude. It has been supposed that the cause for the rapid extension of the operations of the naturalgas companies was to be found exclusively in the cheapness of their commodity and its greater convenience when compared with coal. But this does not seem to have been the exclusive cause. A very strong cause is found in the intense competition between the companies. Where several companies have covered the same territory this competition is represented as something terrific. They have frequently been known to supply the plant, give it to the consumer, and then furnish the gas free during an entire year for the mere purpose of excluding a competitor, Some of the wells are sixty miles from the town or city where light or power is to be supplied, and so each company is able to take in a wide radius of territory for its operations. In this case you would expect collisions to be free and

But though the rivalries of the companies, manifested in their desire to get possession of good territory in advance of their competitors, has had much to do with their rapid growth, the economy offered had, without doubt, been the chief stimulant. The new fuel is very chean. The cost of coal for manufacturing a ton of bar iron is stated definitely at about \$3.36. But the cost of gas for the same work is never more than \$2. and from that price it ranges downward to \$1. to say nothing of the factories that have been treated with gratuitous gas. In the unsettled rates charged for the supply of fuel, however, some men see evidence that prices may some day become so high that its use will not be found altogether economical. They think the present charges so evidently a result of competition that they furnish no true test of what the companies may finally be compelled to charge to

make their operations profitable. The capital invested in the supply of natural gas is already very large. At the date of the report one Pittsburg company had a capital of \$7, 500,000, and the total capitalization of all the companies in the Union was estimated at \$50 .-000,000. The capitalization of the thousand and one companies that have come together informally, prospected, bored, struck water and disbanded, is not yet reported.

Economy fails to be appreciated at its true worth sometimes. They haven't done laughing

Economy in a Street-Car.

yet at the device of a pretty girl in a Broadway horse-car the other day. She wore the daintiest of white gowns, of some soft, thin fabric easily soiled. She was bound very evidently for the scene of some afternoon festivity and had no spare money with which to hire a carriage. The car seat was dusty, and after glancing at it she did not immediately sit down. Instend she untied a bundle of some size carried on her arm, and out dropped yards of samething | him before, so he leaned over and said very soft-

else white. A sheet it appeared to the feminine eye. This she proceeded to spread, not without some signs of embarrassment, but with a fair degree of composure in the corner belonging for the moment to her. Seating herself carefully in the middle of the whiteness she drew up the surplus about her, and there the gown was as scrupulously protected as if the judicious young woman had been mistress of a coach and four. There was some staring which flushed her cheeks, but it was worth a dress-maker's bill to keep her best dress immaculate.

#### IT WAS EASY TO STEAL.

Experience of a Woman Who Systematically Robbed Her Employers.

Mrs. Jennie Crane, the now famous "pockmarked woman," for whom the police looked for a year, but who finally fell into their hands through an accident, still occupies a cell at the Armory. During the last few days she has been visited by scores of housewives, many of whom have identified her as the woman who despoiled their homes under the guise of a domestic. "It makes me feel bad," said Mrs. Crane today to a reporter, "to see how the people I have

wronged treat me when they come in here. Out of the many who have identified me, as well as the property of theirs which I took, only one or two have been harsh or insulting. If they were all abusive it would not make me feel so bad as their kindness does. Still, I suppose they will appear against me in court. How I wish I had been arrested when I first started out to do wrong. I was successful so long, and now there is so much against me." "How did you happen to adopt such a method

of making money!" "I don't know. I can't imagine what made me do it. I think I committed the first theft on impulse, and it was so easy and successful that I tried it again. I would not say that I was led into it by any one. I never had any associations with criminals. About a year ago my husband and I quit housekeeping and I had about Satan finding work for idle bands. It was so easy to answer an advertisement for a domestic and get the place. Then it was easy to find a pretext for leaving. I generally told them I was going after my trunk, and I always managed to take something of value away with me. never stayed over night at any house, and often left within an hour or two." "How many houses did you visit in that

"I have no idea. I kept no account of them or of the names of the families. A number of people have come in here and identified me, or have found some of their goods among the lot at my house, whose faces I could not remember at all. All the time I was doing this I walked the streets without any fear or uneasiness. In early days, before the discovery or invention of the first place, I never realized the magnitude a process for making coal gas, they must have of my offenses; I never stopped to think about it. Every time I went from my home to the butcher-shop, going, as women do, bare-headed, I passed the Desplaines-street police station. I never thought the police had a description of me which had been furnished them in the form of a private circular, nor did I ever think that any complaint had been made to the police."

"Are you a kleptomaniac?" "I don't think so. Wouldn't that diseaseand I believe they call it a disease-have developed earlier! I was thirty-five years old when I began, something over a year ago."

"How about your accomplice! "Who she is the police will never learn from me. Wouldn't it be mean for me to tell on her and have her brought in here? Fil never do it. I'll restore everything I took, as far as possible, tell everything, and do the utmost in my power to atone for my own sins, but I'll never tell on

Mrs. Crane said she would never go to the penitentiary, intimating that she would take a change of venue to the next world first.

"Was she in this business before you were!"

"She was. She has relatives in the peniten-

Mental Effect of Hot Weather. Boston Globe. One of the most interesting studies bearing upon this subject (of the relation of mind to matter) is found in observing the effects of a high temperature upon different organizations. The nervous, sensitive, egotistic man, when the thermometer ranges among the nineties, is chiefly intent upon publishing his perpetual discomfort. Instead of sitting still and cooling his mind through work or genial diversion, he moves busily about telling everybody how hot it is, with gestures and ejaculations to match. He is a mental radiator, bent upon transmitting his own conditions to other minds, and without in-

tending it is generating his own discomfort within others. On the other hand the man of even tempera ment, of cool mind, avoids all mention of phys ical and thermal conditions on a hot day. His purpose is to get his mind as far away from them as possible. He hears his nervous friend fling down his pen or spade and declare that is is too hot for work. To him congenial work is the very best means of keeping his attention away from physical discomfort. One feels comparatively cool in this man's presence. He is a partial refrigerator and transmits his own condi-

The mere physical temperature of a man or a hot day is not the measure of discomfort. In this busy season hundreds of New England farmers toil in open fields in the hot sun in such excessive perspiration that hardly a dry thread is found on them through the day. But if one is accosted on the roadside and reminded that it is a terribly hot day, he will generally reply with true Yankee drollery that it is splendid weather for corn. The farmer's mind is on the hay and corn crops instead of the heat. His mind is kept cool by congenial labor and the

promise of good crops. What is true of man is true of beasts. One of the most painful sights to a person of kind heart is to see the distress of horses that pull the street-cars on a scorching day. These animals receive the best care and treatment by the companies, and their muscular strength is not overtaxed so far as mere work is concerned. A horse doing the same work on a country road would not perspire much. It is the tremendous to the close of the year 1886. It covers a period strain upon their nerves caused by constant of less than two years, the discovery that natural fear of losing their feet on the smooth pavegas could be found in sufficient quantities to | ment when starting the car that chiefly induces in 1885. Yet at the end of the second year it | horse it is the condition of mind that largely decides its power to endure heat and work.

> Out-Door Tea in Summer. New York Mail and Express.

Out-of-door tea is a pretty notion for the summer and all manner of contrivances to make it unique are now in vogue. A set of tea things designed for a lady of original taste was recently finished as follows: For the cloth, a large table mat of rushes braided and treated so as to retain the green. For plates for the guests, dainty china, shaped and colored to present the likeness of oak leaves plaited into slyvan rests for the food. For bread plates, fruit dishes, etc., more china imitating wooden trenchers, quaint birch bark receptacles, leaves pinned together into horns of plenty and so on, no two devices resembling each other. The water pitcher was a big water bottle, and the small cream jug patterned from the pitcher plant. Each pat of butter for each guest rested in the heart of a daisy blossom. The napkins, as was meet of h such an outfit, were mats of woven rushes like the table cloth. The knives and forks wire trencher weapons, rustic in shape. though if good and true metal. The effect was not bat, though far-fetched, but the custom of

eating tat of doors will hold till fall. One Advantage of Being Red-Headed.

Philadelphia Record. There are only two red-headed men in the Kirkbride Insane Asylum of the 165 persons who are being treated there at the present time. According to Dr. Edward N. Brush, who is the superintendent of the institution, the old theory relative to the susceptibility of light-baired people to insanity was exploded years ago. A tour of the asylum showed that all the inmates, except about four, were of decidedly dark complexion, and even the four exceptions were by no means light. In the female department o the asylum the same fact was noticeable, and but a few light-complexioned women were to be

"It used to be a popular opinion among the uninitiated that most insane people were lighthaired," said Dr. Brush, "but that is not so. The reason for this false supposition I cannot understand, nor can I account for the fact that we have so many dark-haired people here. suppose it comes in a natural way, though because there are a great many more dark people than there are light ones.

An 1804 Dollar.

Providence Journal Mrs. Constant Tourgee, who is visiting her piece at Pawtucket, has in her possession one of the rare silver dollars of the coinage of 1804. whose whereabouts have not been publicly known until very recently. The history of this coin is interesting. Mrs. Tourgee's maiden name was Elizabeth Pierce, and she was the daughter of Joshua Pierce, of North Kingstown. Upon her eighteenth birthday (she is now in her seventy-sixth year) her father gave her this dollar, which he received at the close of the war of 1812 as part payment for services in that war and which he had kept since that time, and she has faithfully observed his injunction to always

keep it.

Told the Bishep He Lied. Temple Bar.
A Hampshire lout (I do not know a better word) appeared in a country church among the candidates for confirmation by Bishop Wilber-force. The Bishop felt sure he had confirmed

ly, "My boy, I think I have confirmed you be-fore." The lad opened his great, wide eyes and replied, "You be a liar." Wilberforce knew that this was only the ordinary way a clown knew how to deny what was not true. So he was told to kneel down, and he was confirmed.

# It is Absurd

For people to expect a cure for Indigestion, unless they refrain from eating what is unwholesome; but if anything will sharpen the appetite and give tone to the digestive organs, it is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Thousands all over the land testify to the merits of this medicine.

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A Confirmed Dyspeptic. C. Canterbury, of 141 Franklin st.,

Boston, Mass., writes, that, suffering

for years from Indigestion, he was at last induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla and, by its use, was entirely cured. Mrs. Joseph Aubin, of High street, Holyoke, Mass., suffered for over a year from Dyspepsia, so that she could not eat substantial food, became very weak, and was unable to care for her family. Neither the medicines prescribed by

physicians, nor any of the remedies

advertised for the cure of Dyspepsia,

helped her, until she commenced the

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